The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXXVII NOVEMBER, 1928 No. 5

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.
"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

DAYBREAK

WHEN anyone of us has met and reeled from an hour immense with anguish or awful joy, the ordinary world around us seems unreal. All our old, keen interest in the common things of life seems lost forever. The world of Nature, with its moods and motions, does not change a shade or pause a moment for our overwhelming emotion. The world of our own Humanity shows its business undelayed, its pleasures unabated. Almost deliberately cruel appears the undisturbed regularity of things; incredibly stupid is the continued procession of daily affairs. Nothing is changed by our amazement and grief; nothing stirred by our exultation.

Then we are compelled, or choose without caring, to return to the simple duties. After days tremendous with the dread of love and sorrow, we take up the burden of ordinary life. With bewildered hearts we find ourselves standing amid familiar things. Our immense experience has given us no discharge from the ranks of little people; it has not removed us beyond the demands of the commonplace. The sunlight is an unearthly glitter. Our fellows, even the most sympathetic, are shadows. Yet all the same the sunlight falls; the friends pass and look and speak. So we take up life again.

And nevermore, we think, will the heart know peace or joy gird us for life's endeavor. Nevermore, we think, will ordinary things be significant and worth while. Least of all could it happen amid the triviality of affairs to which we have returned; amid the drudgery of unheroic fidelity. But the truth is that along this plain road peace will steal upon us, and the reality of lost things will run to meet us. Deep in the faithful heart is the fount of daybreak. Amid commonplace things we hear the voice of tender command, bidding us live on to finish the work, to serve nobly, and to greet life with valor undismayed.

The unchanged face of Nature, which seemed at first to mock by callous indifference our singular loss, becomes a constant invitation to a larger emotion. It becomes an outward sign that what we felt to be irreparably shattered has passed into a more generous security than our holding. "Something remains unhurt." And the mind begins to flutter up from the little heap of mournful dust into the bright rays of some nameless Purpose of Perfection, which is tokened by the sun that shines and the rain that falls alike on the sorrowful and the glad.

The enforced return to an active share in the world's little affairs; the resumption of life among the simple things of every day—these bring us to the sources of renewal and quiet assurance. We come to be very grateful that life is largely commonplace, and that, when the heart is too full to be endured, there remain the ordinary things to be done. We come to be grateful that great sorrow and great joy must stoop to the humble services of life. For, among the things that remain, Love remains.—*From a sermon in the Church of the First Parish.*

FACE THE SUN

"DON'T hunt after trouble, but look for success,
You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.
Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and don't shirk,
Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.
The worries will vanish, the work will be done;
No man sees his shadow who faces the sun."
—*To-day's.*

WE lose vigor through thinking continually the same set of thoughts. New thought is new life.

A MESSAGE TO PARENTS

A FEW days ago four men were sentenced to die in the electric chair as convicted murderers. One of them was twenty-one years old, two of them twenty-three, and one was twenty-eight. Two of these young men were brothers. The judge after sentencing them said that twelve years' experience on the bench has shown him that eighty per cent of criminals were less than twenty-five years of age. How can such things be in a country where conditions are so favorable as ours?

In no other country are children so well cared for. The homes in which they are brought up, even among the comparatively poor, have comforts and luxuries unknown to the children of many other lands. They are well clothed and well fed, while millions are spent on their schooling. Parents generally throughout the country withhold no good things within their reach, sometimes even at great personal sacrifice.

What is needful to correct conditions apparently so favorable, and yet so defective as to produce a criminal class, eighty per cent of which are hardly out of their 'teens? Various solutions have been proposed by those interested in improving our citizenship, none of which seems more hopeful of good results than Bible reading. When the Bible was more generally read in the homes in the early days of our country, the conditions we now deplore did not exist, even though the children had not so many other advantages. It is well to recall at this time the wise words of President John Quincy Adams who said: "So great is my veneration for the Bible that the earlier my children begin to read it the more confident will be my hope that they will prove useful citizens of their country and respectable members of society."

A better type of citizen will exist in the next decade if the Bible is restored to the children of today. For obvious reasons, the public schools cannot be expected to undertake adequate Bible instruction. The Sunday schools of the country are already doing much excellent work, but more can hardly be expected from the one hour a week they have at their disposal. As long as we provide the child with twenty-five hours a week of instruction that fits him to make a living and give him but a part of one hour a week of instruction that fits him to make a life, better results cannot be hoped for.

There is but one other place where the child may and should be taught to know the Bible, that is—the home. Faced by the ugly facts that are revealed in the columns of the daily press, it is clearly the duty of the Christian parents of America to begin at once—today is not too early—to restore the Bible to its rightful place in the home. Each member of the family, young and old, should have a Bible of his own just as they have other personal belongings which are not shared by others. A definite time each day should be devoted to Bible reading. Perhaps some children will not like this, but they do not like to go to school sometimes and yet we insist on their doing so for their own good. Some day the child who may read the Bible somewhat unwillingly will thank the one who insisted that it be done.

As nothing works so effectively as a good example, it is essential also that the child see his parents devoting a part of each day to the reading of the Bible. What we have suggested is something that all have it in their power to do. Christian parents certainly cannot wish to evade their responsibilities nor delegate to others a task so vitally important and so essentially connected with the home. Wherever the good old custom of family Bible reading has been discontinued, we suggest that it be revived. If there are not enough Bibles in the home so that each may have one of his own, let suitable provision be made. There are such a multitude of styles available today that there is one to suit every age and every requirement.—*The Gideon.*

A BURRO LOAD OF CEDAR

OUT of the mountain splendors,
Spreading high and wide,
Old Juan drove his burro
Down the mountainside.

Below them smouldered desert,
And down from near the sky
They brought a load of cedar
For anyone to buy.

Down that trail once dusted
A burro train, with gold—
Juan goes there for cedar
That is not always sold.

From the hushed arroyo
I watch them out of sight—
A burro load of cedar
For fire against the night!

—*Glenn Ward Dresbach, in "Cliff Dwellings and Other Poems."*

KEEP up the fires of thought, and all will go well. . . . You fail in your thoughts or you prevail in your thoughts alone.—*Thoreau.*

WE pray against our besetting sin. But God may answer this prayer, not by removing the temptation, but by giving us more confidence in him, more sense of his pardoning love in Christ. Instead of removing the temptation, God comes and dwells with us.—*Selected.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Whole Wheat Bread.—2 cups whole wheat flour, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons salt, 5 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, ¾ cup milk, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Mix whole wheat flour, flour, soda, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add molasses, milk and water and mix well. Add shortening and beat thoroughly. Pour into a greased loaf pan and let stand 20 minutes. Bake in oven at 300 degrees F., 1 to 1½ hours.

Soft Molasses Kiddy Cookies.—½ cup melted shortening, 1 cup light brown sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon salt, 1¾ teaspoons soda, flour to make soft dough. To shortening add sugar, molasses and sour milk. Beat well. Mix ginger, salt and soda with a little flour. Add flour enough to make a very soft dough. Chill thoroughly. Roll out to one-quarter inch thickness. Cut and bake on an oiled sheet at 350 degrees F. This dough adapts itself to making gingerbread men and animal cookies.

Swiss Apple Pie.—The pie crust is slightly sweetened and spiced. Sift together 2 cups flour with ¼ cup confectionery sugar, ½ teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon and clove. Work in ⅔ cup shortening; add ice cold water and proceed in the usual way for pie crust. Line a round pan with crust, add apples to fill, cut in rather thick slices, sprinkle on about 4 tablespoons seedless raisins, also add a little nutmeg or cinnamon (I use both), and over top put enough light brown sugar to sweeten according to taste, and dot over with bits of butter. Put on upper crust, cut a few slits in center for steam to escape. Moisten edge of bottom crust with cold water, and pinch crust edges together tightly. Bake in a hot oven for about 10 minutes, then lower heat to finish apples and let bake 30 or 40 minutes, or till the apples are soft.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—Cut 1 small onion up into small pieces and cook in 1 tablespoon of shortening 3 minutes. Add 2 more tablespoons shortening and 2 cups cold sliced potatoes and fry until all shortening is absorbed. Allow to brown and serve hot.

Raisin Nut Fudge.—Stir well together 2 cups white sugar, ⅓ cup cocoa, pinch of salt, ¼ cup corn syrup, ¾ cup milk and ½ cup raisins. Boil till soft ball stage is reached. Add 1 tablespoon butter and set aside to cool. When nearly cool beat till thick; add vanilla and ½ cup nut meats.

Handy Hints

When boiling potatoes in their skins, peel a narrow strip all around them first. They will boil more quickly and they will peel more easily when cooked.

Remember that milky glasses should be well rinsed in cold water before they go into hot water.

An "eggy" plate, spoon or egg-cup should be thoroughly scraped before it goes into the bowl. The hot water sets the egg hard and makes it very difficult to remove. A bowl in which an egg has been beaten should be rinsed first in cold water.

It is wise to line the baking pan with either buttered brown paper or oiled paper when cooking fish. It will certainly take away the unpleasantness of cleaning the baking pan.

NAPKINS

Whether it be tea, a cooling drink or some light refreshment, there is the ever-present need of napkins. The favorite now is the tiny colorful napkin with fringed or embroidered edges. Easily made, these edges are practical, too, for other household linens.

Materials needed for six fringed napkins: One-half yard of 27-inch linen, medium weight; one skein each of three harmonious colors of six-strand floss. For six napkins with embroidered edges, ½ yard of medium weight 27-inch linen, 2 skeins of cotton twist in a contrasting color, or one skein each of two colors.

For the fringed napkins, cut six 9-inch squares and fringe them to a depth of ⅝ inch. Take a double thread of one color of the floss, and do a running stitch as close as possible to the edges. At intervals of 1½ inches, make a loop the length of the fringe, attaching it at the edge with a knot stitch, making a second knot stitch in the same place. When this is done all around, do likewise with the second color, putting the first loop ½ inch from those already done, and doing the running stitch directly above the first color. Do the third color in the same way, placing the loop ½ inch from the second color. Cut the ends of the loops. If preferred, the first loops may be put one inch apart, and the other two colors placed directly next to these, with the second color no one side, the third on the other. For the napkins with the embroidered edges, cut six 8-inch squares. Roll the edges, sewing them with an over-and-over stitch. When you get to the end, start back, letting the stitch cross the first ones. Make a knot stitch along the edge, and when this is done all around, do a second row of knot stitch in the loops of the first. The effect depends a great deal on the weight of the floss used. A heavier floss looks almost like a crocheted or lace edge, whereas a six-strand floss looks like embroidery. A blanket stitch can be substituted for the over-and-over stitch. If using two colors, do the second row of knot stitch in the second color.—*Selected.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Stevens, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

For the following books address Mrs. F. C. Brush, Chairman, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

Lives of Blaine Logan and History of Republican Party. Walter R. Houghton.
In the Volume of the Book (the Bible). George Pentecost.
Where Dark Shadows Play. Story of a Blind Man. Harvey Fuller.
Judah's Lion (Novel). Charlotte Elizabeth.
Artist Gallery. Rosa Bonheur.
Basketball Guide for Women. Spaulding.
A Child's Dream of a Star. Dickens.
Prayer and Some of its Difficulties. Rev. Walter Care.
The Practice of the Presence of God, the Best Rule of a Holy Life. Brother Lawrence.
My Neighbor the Working Man. James Roscoe Day.
Electrical Science (1903). S. P. Thompson, D.Sc.
New York at World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.
Heating and Ventilation (1914). Sturtevant.
Patroclus and Penelope (Rules for horse training). Theodore Dodge, U. S. Army.
The Layman's Breviary (Poetry). Translated from German of Schefer.
Advice and Counsel to a Mother. Chavasse.
The Foundations of Education. Seeley.
Personal Hygiene. Pyle.
The Need of Change. Julian Street.
The Social Teachings of Christ Jesus. Jennings.
Handbook of Composition. Edwin C. Woolley.
A Whittier Treasury. Countess of Portsmouth.
On the Lake of Lucerne and Other Stories. Beatrice Whitby.
Cape Cod Pines and other Verses.
Elements of Hygiene and Sanitation. Hough & Sedgwick.
Beautiful Bermuda. Illustrated.
Electrical Instrument Making. Bottone.
How to do Business by Letter. Sherwin Cody.
One Hundred Salads. Linda H. Larned.
Congressional Government. Woodrow Wilson.
The Christian Use of Money. Wyckoff.
Studies in Life of Paul. Sallmon.
A Christmas Carol (Paper). Dickens.
Oxford English and French Conversation Book.
Studies in the Miracles of Jesus. Sallmon.
Studies in the Book of Acts. Speer.
Eyebright. Susan Coolidge.
The World Beautiful. Lilian Whiting.
The Uses of Diversity. Chesterton.
Sex and the Love-life. William Fielding.
The Earthly Paradise. William Morris.
Life Thoughts. Beecher.

The Patience of Hope. By the author of "A Present Heaven."
A B C of the Telephone. Homans.
Woman and Stewardship (Paper). Ellen Pearce.
The Wagoner of the Alleghanies (Poetry). Read.
Dynamo Electric Machines. Hering.
Told by an Idiot. Rose Macauley.
Poems. Jean Ingelow.
All True—Adventure on Sea and Land. Dr. Macaulay.
Wearyholme. Story of the Reign of Charles II. Holt.
Wise and Otherwise. Pansy.
The Nile. Wallis Budge.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
The Five Talents of Woman. By the author of "How to be Happy tho' Married."
Noble Deeds of Our Forefathers. Henry Watson.
Water (Marvels of Nature Series). From the French of Gaston Tissandier.
The Liquor Problem. Norman Richardson.
Recessional. Illustrated. Kipling.
Pet Squirrel and Other Stories.
New Testament. Revised version.
The Blues Cure and Other Stories. Delia L. Porter.
The Human Machine. W. H. Howell, M.D.
The Rational Spelling Book. Dr. J. M. Rice.
Of the Imitation of Christ. Thomas á Kempis.
The Dominant Idea in Advertising. Finn.
First. Drummond.
The Secret of a Happy Day. F. R. Havergal.
Little Lights (Poetry). Blanche Sawyer.
The Big Hike. John H. Hanberg.
Helping Himself. Horatio Alger, Jr.
Stories from Italy. Godkin.
Physiology and Hygiene.
Abandoning an Adopted Farm. Kate Sanborn.
The Truth about an Author. Arnold Bennett.
A Primer of Forestry. Gifford Pinchot.
Arithmetic of Electricity. Sloane.
The Sermon in the Hospital. Hamilton King.
Hamilton's Arithmetic. First Book.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson.
Ovid. Fasti—In Latin. G. H. Hallam.
Abide with Me. Illustrated.
Under Many Flags. Katherine S. Cronk and Elsie Singmaster.
How to Increase Your Sales.
A Remedy for Love (Novel). Kirk.
Dragon and the Raven. Henty.
Mrs. Armington's Ward. D. T. Wright.
Art of Discourse (1867). Henry N. Day.
A Child of Tuscany. Marguerite Bouvet.
The Story of a Passion. Irving Bacheller.
American History. Montgomery.
Training the Boy. William McKeever.
Voyage Round the World—Australia. Jules Verne.
Confessions of an English Opium Eater. De Quincey.
A Wartime Wooing. Captain King, U. S. A.
Sesame and Lilies. Ruskin.
The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858.
The Chinese Revolution, 1912. Brown.
Love Songs of Childhood. Eugene Field.
The Good Neighbor. Richmond.
The Silence of Amor—Where the Forest Murmurs. Macleod.
Pilgrim Deeds and Duties, 1620, 1920. (A Handbook).
Forget-me-nots for Remembrance (Booklet).
Houses of Clay (Paper). Don Morrison (Poetry).
Stage Guild Masques. The Chaplet of Pan.
A Message to Garcia. Elbert Hubbard.
Periwinkle. Illustrated.
That Book of Em's. Many modern methods for maidens' missionary meetings.
Concentration, The Secret of Success. Julia S. Sears.
Messages to Mothers and Children on Conduct and Character.
The South of Today. John M. Moore.
Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land.
Wood Flowers (Poetry). Cheney.
Save America. Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement.
To California over the Santa Fé Trail (1909). Higgins.
Child Library Readers. Book V.
Freaks on the Fells (Boys' Book). R. M. Ballantyne.
Baron Munchausen (Library Edition). Rudolph Raspe.
Cyr's Second Reader.
Elsie's Holidays. Martha Finley.
Sword and Pen. Adventures of William Glazier. Owens.
Lessons in Logic. Evans.
Days of 1916 (Quotations). Grace Duncan.
At Home in the Water. Manual of Swimming (Paper). Corsan.
Saunterings (1872). Charles Dudley Warner.
Pride and Principle (Boys' Story). Mrs. H. B. Paull.
Electricity Simplified (1891). Professor Sloane.
The Bible and the Nineteenth Century. Townsend.
Gwen. A Drama in Monologue. By the author of "Epic of Hades."
The Sabbath Month. Devotional Thoughts for Young Mothers.
The New Testament and its Writers. M'Clymont.
Lapsus Calami. Poems of Eton and Cambridge.
Laboratory Problems in Civic Biology. Hunter.
Addresses. Philips Brooks.
The Happiest Girl in Korea. Minerva Guthapfel.
Prince and Page. Charlotte M. Yonge.
Boat Sailing. Captain H. J. Kenealy.
Clarke's Scripture Promises.

A Psalm of David (23rd). A. M. Fairbain.
A Chinese Christmas Tree (Story). Pitman.
Melchior's Dream and Other Tales. Mrs. J. H. Ewing.
Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Palgrave.
Tropical Africa. Drummond.
The American Citizen. Dole.
Henry the Eighth and his Court. Mühlbach.
Educational Theories. Oscar Browning.
Students' Old Testament History. Smith.
The Diary of a Bride.
The Marriage Altar. Miller.
Lucile. Meredith.

The Brookline (First Parish) Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to anyone desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley Street, Brookline, Mass.

REQUESTS

1. Miss Gladys Hill, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 214, is 19 years old. She asks for good books, or magazines, and would like to correspond with someone near her own age.

2. Mrs. Onie Shiveley, Bassett, Va., is very lonesome. She asks for just any good magazine or book to read, also picture books or cards for her little grandchildren.

3. After a long period of ill health, Mrs. Moore Altman, Gen. Del., Moultrie, Ga., writes she is feeling much like her old self again, and thanks the *Cheerful Letter* friends for their goodness to her. She would appreciate quilt pieces and games or picture books or cards for her little children.

4. "I am 64 years old and a cripple," writes Mrs. Julia E. Preston of Birmingham, Ala., R. 2, Box 113. "I live in the country, far from church, and cannot pay for books or magazines as in my younger days. I would appreciate reading matter, especially good books, such as: "Sermons for the People," "Following the Sunrise," "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," or any other good book or magazine."

5. Attention, Pacific Coast *Cheerful Letter* workers! The postmaster at Kingston, Calif., writes: "We are in the desert, mail but twice a week—no radio, no movies. We are hungry for good reading, especially books on religious subjects. Can you help us?"

6. Mrs. Etha L. Carlton, Chase City, Va., Box 114, would appreciate quilt-pieces, and good reading for herself and boys, ages 17, 15, 10, 8, 5, 2, and girls 20 and 13. It is a very lonely and sad home, as the husband and father was taken from them in August, and any cheer that could be sent would help at this time.

7. A good story or quilt pieces, and some pictures for her little grandchild who lives with her, would brighten the long days for Mrs. Ida McClendon, 70 years old, of Ansonville, N. C.

8. I am a country girl, 17 years old. I would love to get crochet thread and good clean stories to read. My parents are old, and I am their youngest child. Miss Ola Godfrey, Tilly, Ark.

9. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I would appreciate reading for myself and two girls, 10–13 years. I would also like to correspond with someone. Mrs. C. W. Foley, Bassett, Va., Box 68.

10. Judie L. Turner, Stuart, Va., R. 5, is 11 years old, and loves to read. She would be pleased with books, and would like to correspond with someone near her own age.

11. A correction: Miss Mattie Beverage of Dabney, Ark., wishes to correct a previously published statement. She is 41 years old, and has not walked for 37 years, and weighs but 75 pounds. Her nearest railroad town is Atkins, 45 miles distant. The reading matter sent her has been a blessing. She gets very lonely, and hopes she will not be forgotten. She also could sew if she had some quilt pieces.

12. Here I come again! I get so lonesome, with the lonely fall days coming. Won't someone send me an old story book or *Household* magazine? I would thank them so much. I would also be glad of quilt pieces. May God bless you, in your good work to shut-ins. M. A. Stewart, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 187.

13. I want to thank all who have sent cheer to me. We live in such a lonely place. Sometimes two or three weeks pass that we see no one except the family. We have five boys from 9 months to 18 years, and one girl 16 years. We all like to read, and I like to sew patchwork, silk, cotton or wool, and pictures for the little folks would make them very happy. I hope I am not asking too much. Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Scotland, Ark., R. 2, Box 54.

14. Mrs. S. L. Turner, Dodson, Va., Box 13, is recovering from a serious sickness. She asks for books or magazines for her six children, 12 to 23 years, and quilt pieces and bits of thread would also be appreciated.

15. I am a lame girl, and I get very lonely. I do hope the *Cheerful Letter* friends will write to me. I would also appreciate some good reading and quilt pieces. Miss Sadie Lee Colson, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 2, Box 268.

16. Mrs. May Morgan, Rupert, Ark., lives in a lonely place, and will be much alone this winter. She would like *McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, People's Home Journal.* Old copies would be just as acceptable, as she hasn't seen any for several years; also any kind of bulbs would bring much joy.

17. I have come again with grateful thanks to the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am so lonesome since my husband's death. I would like a good book to read, or some quilt pieces to sew, or a

cheering letter from someone. Mrs. Jennie Agee, Spencer, Va., R. 1, Box 38.

DEATH

We have received notice of the death on September 2, of Mrs. Andy Honeycutt, Richfield, N. C.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS

THE blue ageratum is one of the annuals, which can be readily moved from the garden to the house when cold weather comes. If small plants are chosen, and are potted up after the soil has been thoroughly wet down, so that it will not fall away from the roots, the plants will go on blooming for many weeks. Indeed they may sometimes be carried through the entire winter. They should be given a sunny window and plenty of water, but not allowed to become water-soaked. The low-growing form of ageratum is best for this purpose. There are now tall-growing kinds, which are not of much value for edging purposes, but which make excellent cut flowers and can be used to advantage for bedding.

There is much to commend the planting of trees and shrubs in the fall. Nearly all kinds of trees and shrubs can be planted at this season, but the thin-barked trees, like the birches, and those with large punky or spongy roots, like the magnolias, will not thrive, and in most instances they will die. The time in the fall when the planting should be done must depend upon the location. The further north one lives, the earlier it should be done. In the South, it may be continued even as late as December or January. Fall-planted trees may be helped through the winter to a wonderful degree by covering the ground about the roots with enough mulch to prevent deep freezing. This mulch is best made of strawy manure; it can then be spaded into the ground the following spring.—*Clipped.*

THEN hide it not, the music of thy soul,
Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
And He will bless you. He who struck the chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

PREPARING TO SWARM

IT is the spirit of the hive that fixes the hour of the great annual sacrifice to the genius of the race, . . . when we find a whole people, who have attained the topmost pinnacle of prosperity and power, suddenly abandoning, to the generation to come, their wealth and their palaces, their homes and the fruits of their labor; themselves content to encounter the hardships and perils of a new and distant country. . . .

They will not leave at a moment of despair; or desert with sudden and wild resolve a home laid waste. . . . No, the exile has long been planned, and the favorable hour patiently awaited. Were the hive poor, had it suffered from pillage or storm, had misfortune befallen the royal family, the bees would not forsake it. They leave it only when it has attained the apogee of its prosperity; at a time when, after the arduous labors of the spring, the immense palace of wax has its one hundred and twenty thousand well-arranged cells overflowing with new honey. . . . Never is the hive more beautiful than on the eve of its heroic renouncement, in its unrivaled hour of fullest abundance and joy; serene for all its apparent excitement. . . .

As the beautiful day advances with radiant and tranquil steps beneath the trees, its ardor, still bathed in dew, makes the appointed hour seem laggard. Over the whole surface of the golden corridors . . . the workers are busily making preparation for the journey. Each one will first of all burden herself with provision of honey sufficient for five or six days. . . . Absorbed by the cares, the prodigious perils of this mighty adventure, they will have no time now to visit the gardens and meadows. . . . It is the festival of honey, the triumph of the race, the victory of the future; the only day of joy, of forgetfulness, of folly. . . . They exult, they cannot contain the joy that is in them. They come and go aimlessly,—they whose every movement has always its precise and useful purpose—they depart and return, sally forth once again to see if the queen be ready, to excite their sisters, to beguile the tedium of waiting. They fly much higher than is their wont, and the leaves of the mighty trees round about all quiver responsive. They have left trouble behind, and care. They no longer are meddling and fierce, aggressive, suspicious, untamable. Man, the unknown master whose sway they never acknowledge, who can subdue them only by conforming to their every law . . . on this day can approach them, can divide the glittering curtain they form as they fly round and round in songful circles; he can take them in his hand and gather them as he would a bunch of grapes; for today, in their gladness, possessing nothing but full of faith in the future, they will submit to everything and injure no one, provided they be not separated from the queen who bears that future within her.—*Maurice Maeterlinck, in "The Life of the Bee."*

WOMAN: "You seem to remember me?"

Shoe Clerk: "Sure I do! I never forget a face that I've fitted a pair of shoes on."

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

FREE "Keep-well" clinics for children in Minneapolis have proved so successful that doctors have opened their offices for those who cannot be cared for at clinics, charging greatly reduced rates, only those being unable to pay at all being served in the clinic. The U. S. Children's Bureau states "that the mothers have been educated by the free clinics to realize that periodic examination of their children is worth paying for." In this connection the Bureau, quoting a Japanese publication, notes a "well baby clinic" for babies born in a Tokio hospital, where the mothers take them monthly for examination and advice. It is in charge of Dr. Sadakota, a woman graduate of the University of Michigan.

HEALTH SERVICE CLINIC REOPENS

The Health Service Clinic of the Post-Graduate Hospital at Twentieth Street and Second Avenue, reopens for its third year of service. The clinic was closed during the summer while it examined the members of the Byrd Antarctic expedition.

Under the direction of Dr. G. Ward Crampton and a group of men and women physicians, an extensive medical examination covering the nervous system, disorders of the eye, ear, nose and throat and various laboratory tests is provided at a nominal fee for those unable to afford the expense of a private physician.—*From the New York Time.*

"TAKE THE WATER ROUTE TO HEALTH!"

Two quarts of water should be taken daily. Liquids of all kinds and watery food supply a certain amount, but six glasses of water a day is a safe amount to consume if one wishes to keep the blood and blood pressure up to normal. Water washes away the waste matter the body tissues cannot use, and prevents toxins (poisons) from entering the system. Scientists have proved water to be harmless, if not beneficial, if taken in moderation with meals, though it should be drunk between mouthfuls, allowing adequate time for chewing.

One or two glasses are easily taken on rising, insuring that amount toward the daily supply and preparing the stomach for breakfast. This is especially beneficial for those with little morning appetite, and helps morning elimination. A person with exceptionally delicate digestion can take care of "aerated" water, if unable to drink it plain. Bottled fruit juices are exceedingly wholesome, combining minerals with juices.

The following recipes supplying water to the system are given by Edith M. Barber of the *New York Sun:*

Pineapple Sherbet.—1 can shredded pineapple, 1 quart water, 1 pint sugar, juice of 2 lemons, 1 egg white, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Boil the water and sugar to make a thin syrup. Put the pineapple, lemon juice and syrup in freezer and, when a little over half frozen, add the egg white beaten with the powdered sugar.

Lemon Sherbet.—4 ounces candied ginger, 1 pint sugar, 1 quart water, 6 lemons, 1 tablespoon gelatin, 1 egg white. Make a syrup of the ginger, sugar, water and grated rind of one lemon. When clear add the lemon juice and the gelatin dissolved in a little water and melted over boiling water. Cool and freeze, adding the stiffly beaten egg white when partly frozen.

Grape Sherbet.—1 pint grape juice, 3 cups sugar, 3 egg whites, 1 pint whipping cream, juice of 1 lemon, 2 quarts water. Boil the sugar and some of the water to make a thin syrup. Add the rest of the water, the grape juice and lemon juice. Cool, and when partly frozen add the cream partly whipped, and the eggs stiffly beaten. Finish freezing, pack and set aside to ripen.

Tea Punch.—1 tablespoon tea, 1 quart boiling water, 2 cups granulated sugar, juice of 6 lemons, juice of 2 oranges, 1 pint charged water. Pour the boiling water over the tea, cover and allow to stand ten minutes. Strain, add the sugar, lemon and orange juice. Chill and add ice and charged water before serving.

Vin à la Française.—1 pint grape juice, 2½ quarts water, 1 lemon sliced thin, 1 orange sliced thin, sugar (to taste), 3 sticks cinnamon, broken in pieces, a few cloves. Boil one pint of water, lemon, orange, sugar, cinnamon and cloves fifteen minutes. Add grape juice and remaining water. Cool and serve in glasses half filled with cracked ice. Put a slice of lemon and a bit of stick cinnamon in each glass.

FRUIT JUICES FOR DRINKS

Rhubarb and Green Apples Used in Iced Decoctions

Mrs. May Reynolds of the Home Economics Department of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture believes that no fruit juices should be wasted, for the juices contain valuable minerals and vitamins as well as being thirst quenchers.

Rhubarb, she points out, is one fruit that make a delicious drink, but is rarely used. A rhubarbade is easily made. The stalks are merely washed, without peeling, and are boiled in water which is then strained. This juice is then sweetened like lemonade. Even green apples may be called into service to make a refreshing drink. Cooked, like the rhubarb without peeling, and the resulting juice strained, the apples make a drink that is especially popular with the men folks.

Iced tea not only is popular as a drink itself,

but is a very good basis for fruit punch. Mrs. Reynolds calls it a good "extender," for when small amounts of fruit juice are added, it makes a little go a long way. Almost any kind of fruit juice may be added to tea, but she especially recommends lemon, orange and pineapple. —*From the New York Times.*

"Be wary of unsanitary methods of filling cider receptacles, if touring the country and visiting cider mills," advises a resident of White Plains, who found a man using his mouth for suction on a rubber hose, which was afterwards placed in the jar to be filled.

A scientist in Paris recently demonstrated his discovery to rid water of typhoid germs by means of ultra-violet rays, and two hundred towns and cities of France have been benefited by this means. In the oldest city of France, Carcassonne, built in 1247, a marble slab on the old city gate pays tribute to Varillaf or freeing the town of constant typhoid plagues.

LAURA R. DONNELL.

"WHEN it comes t' cheap labor," says Abe Martin, "it's purty hard t' improve on a good, willing wife."—*From the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY: IN LIGHTER MOOD

I MET him first in the Harz Mountains soon after the war, in a little barber's shop beside the hotel at Schierke, where soap, fishing tackle and such like articles formed part of his stock in trade. With his somewhat bent figure and peering eyes he seemed to belong in a strange way to the landscape itself, to be a creature of the mysterious wooded hills over which the genius of Wagner brooded and in which Goethe loved to wander.

Through the little window of the shop I caught a glorious view of sunlit hills, far away to the deep pools of sapphire that hung above the horizon. I called his attention to the beauty of the scene, and he stopped in the act of shaving me, and looked gloomily in the direction of the pine-clad hills.

"Do you know," he asked in his broken guttural English, "ze Waterloo Road?" "London?" I hazarded. A vision of hurrying in a taxicab down a particularly ugly street in chase of the train which was to bear me away into the country crossed my thought.

He nodded, and when I added, pointing to the window with a smile, "How different from this lovely scene," his face clouded over. He whispered eagerly in my ear, as if he wanted to unburden himself of a secret which had long been in his thought: "I love ze Waterloo Road. Ach! to be there again. Lieber Himmel, to be in ze Waterloo Station again!

"You know," and his voice grew louder, "ze barber's shop—it is underground—in ze station? Full of ze people who come and go—and ze tips! Such nice tips, nice good money. No paper marks in ze Waterloo Station."

His general attitude and odd peering look took on a new meaning. A man who had lived underground, a veritable gnome, not of the Harz Mountains, but of a London railway station! "And ze Brixton Road," he went on, "I lived there over my brother's shop. Nice shop full of ze little fancy works. I kept bulldogs and sold them to ze English ladies. Lovely bulldogs!"

He continued to shave me in silence for a minute or two while I waited for him to speak again, for I knew that he was eager to tell me something more. Presently he spoke again in a dull, sad tone. "Then ze war come. Ach! that was schrecklich (dreadful). Manager, he says, 'No more Chermans wanted in ze barber's shop.' I go home, but no one no more want my British bulldogs. No one no more buy ze fancy works in Fritz's shop. Then came *Lusitania* night. You remember that? Ze English, they see mad."

He paused, and still I knew that he had something more to say, something that he wanted to get out of his thought.

"Yes, they see very mad that night," he continued in the same monotonous tone, "they could not it help."

He peered into my face as if hardly daring to say more.

"Yes," I said, "that was the war."

"They come down ze Brixton Road and into ze shop, and they break things to leetle bits, and the beautiful dogs they take them quite away, and there's noddings no more left in ze shop. It was the war," he said, "they could not help it. They see noddings but mad tings that night."

"But it's all passed now," he added. "You know ze Waterloo Station, could I go back there? Where ze people so kind, where there no paper money . . . and ze Brixton Road, ze lovely Brixton Road, where ze leetle shop was."

I met him again five years later in Berlin, and his figure was more upright, his eyes had lost that sad, peering look. He knew me at once. I suppose that is part of the barber's business, and he welcomed me effusively.

"Ach," he said, "I was sad then when I saw you first, sad like all ze other Chermans. But ze wage and ze tips, they good money now. Chermany, she recover. I like ze English, nice, kind people, ze English; but I no longer want ze Waterloo Station again to see, or ze Brixton Road. Ze business bad I hear, it better here. Chermany, she recover."

But I had dozed away after a long night

journey, and was dreaming of "ze Waterloo Road" and the smell of the fried fish shop as you turn the corner into the station.

Some German acquaintances of mine whom I knew before the war had invited my wife and myself to lunch. I was glad to meet them again. The husband, who had married an English wife, had been through the war.

"You know," he said, when we were alone after lunch, "that we had a great admiration for the French, British and American soldiers who fought against us. German soldiers never sang that foolish hymn of hate in the trenches, nor did anyone that I know of. We read Shakespeare and Longfellow in our dugout. I remember an old copy of Henry James. We often talked of the future when it would all be over, and we should meet you again and our American friends."

His voice broke a little. "Then we found you believed all those dreadful stories of us, such as that we starved our prisoners, and we heard that you called us 'Boche' and 'Hun.' Do you still believe all that?"

He looked appealingly at me.

"No," I said. "War is dreadful, and no doubt dreadful things were done. But who shall condemn another nation?"

He looked at me disappointed. "You don't understand," he said, "how these things hurt. Just the same stories were told of the allied troops, but I never believed them. I have an English wife. I have French relations. It pained me when in England a year after the war people drew back when I gave my name."

"You would be quite welcome in England or America now," I said. "You need not fear that again. The horrors of war have faded from the public thought."

"I am glad of that," he replied reflectively. "For if it is peace, we must think in terms of peace, if peace is to endure."

"We are trying to," I said. "Perhaps you would like to know that I have never met a soldier who was in the thick of the fight who talked of the Germans as 'Huns' or 'Boches.' 'Fritz' was always the word. And the British soldier—I can speak of many I know—had the greatest admiration for the bravery of the German soldiers, and especially of the officers. We thought that you put up a wonderful fight against great odds."

"You really mean that, and your soldiers said that?" He rose to his feet, his face flushed.

"Auf Wiedersehen," he said, "I shall not forget what you said. I see that we can really be friends again."

An old church in the wooded country of the Ruhr, not far from the crowded and bustling town of Essen, with its great factories. It is quiet and restful to sit beneath the fifteenth century roof and admire the tracery of the windows and the delicate work of the arches. Here generation after generation of Germans have worshiped, and the air seems to whisper pious thoughts from the past.

There is a crusader's tomb with a partially effaced figure, his legs crossed, and on the other side a carved figure in elaborate dress with lace and ruffles in a kneeling position. A sense of peace and repose. They did their work well.

Outside in the churchyard is a large rock, the surface of which has been smoothed and whitened on the side that faces the passer-by. On it are carved the names of German soldiers who left this village in the Great War and who did not return. Fleischmann, Holzmann, Schreiber, Kaufmann—butcher, woodman, writer, merchant. Old German names so like the Anglo-Saxon names which are to be found in England and America.

Five years ago I stood on the same spot and I could not then think and feel as I do now, with kindly interest of these young men who left this village with such high hopes. The memories of the war crowded too thick for me to see them clearly as I see them today, as no different in any respect from the same young men, British, French, Belgian and American, who left their native villages at the call of their country.

Today I see them all as one great army of brothers. If I had a garland of flowers I would like to lay it at the foot of this rock on which the names of these villagers are written. Weaver, joiner, butcher, woodman, writer, baker—for we are all one, even in our names.—*H. S., in Christian Science Monitor.*

FASCINATED always by the sight of a worm about to turn, we paused the other afternoon to watch a meek little gentleman who was using one of the telephone booths in the Plaza. He stood there a long time, obviously having slipped the operator's mind. Seated at her station in the center of the booths, she was busily engaged in pushing in plugs, pulling them out, reciting numbers, making change for patrons and declaring at intervals, "The liyen is bizeh." Such an example of organized efficiency was she that the meek gentleman palpably lacked determination enough to recall himself to her attention. We had about given up hope that he would take his own part when she caught sight of him over the the switchboard.

"Are you waiting for a number?" she demanded.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the little man, "I just stepped in here to develop a picture."—*From the New Yorker.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

A BANQUET

THE fairies were bustling one Thanksgiving morn,
A-hustling and rustling through dim fields of corn.

'Your soft veil-wings blowing, your shoes dainty shell,
Oh, where are you going, dear fairies, pray tell?"

A fairy so thin her voice was a coo,
Answered, "Going to dinner, won't you come too?"

A chance so delightful was welcomed straightway;
But the fairies were frightfully hungry I'd say.

They scuttled and scampered and seemed not to choose
To see I was hampered by number-ten shoes.

But I managed to get there in time after all,
And found things all set there beside a stone wall.

A bell-flower was ringing the summons to eat,
Elf-waiters were bringing hot plates for our meat.

On toad-stools protected by soft lily pads
Hot chestnuts, dissected, were laid out in plaids.

Snug acorn-cups held the sweet fairy drink,
Which the longer you smelled, the less you could think.

Dried butter-and-eggs were part of the feast
And we drained to the dregs a dandelion yeast.

Milkweed was handy and buttercups gold
Were laden with candy, as full as they'd hold.

Fine turkey-toes give a Thanksgiving touch.
Soon everyone shows having much of a much!

Still come dainties galore—a Jack-Frosted cake
And wafers, oh more than an elephant'd take!

The party adjourning moved under an oak
Where, Indian pipes burning, the elves had a smoke.

Then the lady-elves joshing, like ladies-of-earth,
Did all their dishwashing 'midst laughter and mirth.

—*T. P. A. Magazine.*

THE STORY OF A PUMPKIN

"LISTEN! children," said the pumpkin vine to the three yellow pumpkins that were roaming around in the corn patch, "listen to me and I'll tell you a story. You come of an illustrious family—"

"Is that the story?" asked the littlest pumpkin.

"That's the beginning," answered the vine, "but there's more—there's a princess in it!"

"A princess!" cried the pumpkin. "Go on, go on!"

"Very good," replied the vine, "but mind, you don't stop growing to listen; and don't give yourselves airs, for it happened long ago—so long that it's ancient history now. But the princess was there! I have it from my mother, whose mother told her, and so on, way back to the original pumpkin."

"What original pumpkin?" asked the biggest pumpkin.

"The one that carried the princess, of course," answered the vine.

"How could a pumpkin carry a princess?" asked the middle-sized pumpkin. "We never carry anybody, somebody always carries us."

"Times have changed," sighed the vine, "and perhaps we have changed with them. Then, too, there are no princesses here, more's the pity! But the pumpkin did carry the princess; it was made into a golden coach on purpose."

"A golden coach!" sighed the biggest pumpkin "I'd love to be a golden coach and carry a princess!"

"Come, come!" said the vine sharply. "You will be made into pumpkin pies—that's what you're all intended for. And see that you make good ones, which you'll never do if you get to dreaming of golden coaches. You might even be put on the table at Thanksgiving time. There's no higher honor for a pumpkin nowadays than that—to be made into a Thanksgiving pie. Now get to work and don't waste any more time. I've told you the story—you can tell it to your children."

A few days later two little boys came into the garden and cut away the biggest pumpkin with a sharp knife. It was so big they couldn't carry it in their arms, but took it away in their express wagon.

"It's the biggest pumpkin I ever saw," said one of the boys. "It will make a dandy Jack o' lantern!"

"A Jack o' lantern!" sighed the pumpkin, "and I wanted to carry the princess. Why, I shan't even see the Thanksgiving dinner table!"

However, it made the best of it, and that was the very best and biggest Jack o' lantern ever

seen, with a bright light inside and a broad smile on its face that made everybody laugh to see.

"That's something, anyway!" said the pumpkin.

After that it was taken up into the attic to be played with on rainy days, for everybody said it was too fine to throw away. And there it stayed until almost Thanksgiving time. Then the two boys came up with sharp knives and began to cut it up again.

"It's big enough to hold Baby," said one boy, "and we'll put her in when we go over to Grandma's at Thanksgiving. We'll play she's Cinderella and we're the horses drawing the coach to the ball."

"Well, well!" said Grandma, as she met them all at the door, "here comes the little Queen in her golden coach!"

"Yes," said Father, "our little Queen, who rules us all with a crown of happiness and a scepter of love."

"A queen!" exclaimed the pumpkin to itself, "that's even better than the story. I can tell this to my children, and it won't be ancient history, either!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE INTERCESSION OF LOVE

GOD, who knowest that deep in the heart of our human love there breathes a sigh, and that these arms of ours are too short always to save, we commit to Thee, Who art everywhere, the absent and the dear. To Thee, in whom all things and creatures move, we entrust those whose names are written on our hearts, desiring that all their journeys may safely end and all their enterprises may be crowned with honor and joy. And, if they take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there may Thy hand lead them and Thy right hand upt hold them.—*From the "Prayers of the Firs-Parish."*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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